

WEEKLY GRAPHIC.

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KIRKSVILLE, MISSOURI, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 26th, 1884.

VOL. V. NO. 23.

ANTI-BOURBOIS.

Opening the Co-operative Campaign at Booneville, Mo.

Mr. Ford Exhibits the Visible Material Results of Bourbonism.

While Col. Murphy Displays the Treacherous Political Hypocrisy of the Confederate Element in This State—Ringing Speeches at a Rousing Rally.

MR. FORD'S SPEECH.

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN:—Again the people of Missouri, with the citizens of the other States constituting the American Republic, are engaged in determining grave political questions upon the proper solution of which largely depends our greatness and prosperity. It is frequently asserted, and with some plausibility at least, that sections recurring so often are somewhat pernicious, disturbing that careful and methodic order of thought so essential in the development of business; but, after a careful consideration, I believe our best thinkers agree there is compensation found in the more accurate knowledge acquired by patient, tolerant investigation. Herein are the elements of power foreign to every other political system; and while intelligence and virtue are revered by the American people—and wanting them the republic is in danger—safety is guaranteed, a higher order of harmony is secured.

Now, it may be assumed by many that inasmuch as we are called upon to select at this election men to formulate law and others to interpret and execute them, we may find plenty to do at home; and it is argued that all reform has its birth when the people make it their business to inaugurate the work in the school district and township. All this may be partly true; yet we can not be indifferent, we can not be passive, when questions involving national prosperity and greatness are being discussed; when a work must be performed for which all are responsible, as citizens of a common country—a work in which our grand commonwealth has as many interests at stake as has any other state in the Union.

THE VOTER'S DUTY.

The man who delegates to another the power to act for him and think for him on election day makes a serious mistake. This republic was founded on sacrifices of blood and treasure, and each citizen is its custodian to the extent of his influence; each one is bound to watch it, guard it, and to the best of his ability perpetuate it. Few States of this Union have such wealth of resources as Missouri—a fertile, productive soil, a genial climate, an abundance of timber, mineral deposits sufficient to enrich an empire, all are concentrated within our borders necessary to constitute this Commonwealth the proudest, greatest, richest member of the republic. We should and can be self-sustaining; the labor of the field, the loom, the factory should march along the era of a new and better era, joining in a sublime effort to build up mutual interests around which would cluster millions, cheerful, happy and prosperous.

Labor is the creator of all wealth. Any political philosophy, any system, though flouting university indorsements, that ignores this fact, must sooner or later invite the censures of the men of toil—the only true sovereigns where labor is honored and merit distinguished. National greatness is imparted by individual triumph; the nation is great as the people are great; honest, unselfish, progressive, as the people rise to higher conceptions of these attributes.

WEALTHY AMERICANS.

You frequently hear denunciations of the successful Yankee, are told how much you are taxed that he may gather in his millions, his luxurious habits of life, his insatiable ambition to own everything. My friends, the Yankee is an American, and there is not one of us who is not proud of American triumphs. You may have heard that you are taxed for the special protection and benefit of the southern sugar planter, legalized robbery is the mild term by which such legislation is characterized by some, but you are not told of corresponding benefit you derive in your intercourse with this sugar planter. If you add to his wealth, he contributes to yours. The most important factor in the sugar industry of the south is labor. Human labor is employed in a greater proportion in the production of sugar than any other crop in America. The sugar crop of Louisiana in 1880 sold for about \$22,000,000, and of this amount about \$15,000,000, or 70 per cent were paid out for labor. Four hundred thousand people were engaged in this industry. They lived as Americans should live; their earnings paid for your wheat, corn, beef, pork. They furnished you engaged in agriculture, in which it is estimated 300,000 people of the great northwest are engaged, a market for the product of your labor. Strike down this industry, by placing sugar on the free list, and the 400,000 in the Southland, who are now consumers, purchasers, unable to compete with coolie and slave labor in Cuba, must abandon that industry, cease to be consumers. Nay, more, you drive them into competition. Louisiana suffers, the capital is lost, your market destroyed, labor disturbed, the agricultural product increased. Prosperity in Louisiana, in New England, in Missouri, is America, there is a national gain. Any political school whose teachings would transfer

that prosperity to another country, a rival, if not an enemy, is in my opinion very unsound and must cease to command the confidence of all.

The pork interests of Kansas City and St. Joseph would be materially affected by that specious but dangerous economic cry, "buy where you can buy the cheapest," and pay no tribute to Louisiana, a shout as delusive as it is preposterous, and purely commercial. The Missouri agriculturalist may vote to paralyze other American industries, and contribute to a general wreck of American industrial projects. He may aid in forcing labor from the shop, where it earns a living, to the road, where it must tramp. And then, when all this shall have been accomplished, your Missouri-grown wheat will find a market in England, its value be established by the enslaved, emaciated, degraded labor of the Indian Empire.

MISSOURI USEFULNESS.

No more generous, brave, hospitable people live than the people of Missouri. Less selfish perhaps than the average population of other States, less thought has been devoted to the work of filling up the waste places, as may be easily observed by traveling through our sister States. Modern civilization enthrones man on the highest plane. Human beings are of greater value than broad acres. Thought, toil are the architects perfecting plans by which the temple erected by the men of the revolution may be enlarged and perfected. There is room in Missouri for the million. Let this fact be proclaimed with the proper earnestness; let the intelligence of the State assert it, that we desire immigration. Make this statement through the press, guide book, newspaper and pamphlet; invite the home seeker and tourist; assure the capitalist that the earnings of his investment can be relied on with certainty and his presence is desired by all interested in keeping pace with the progressive in our sister States. Lands are cheap and within the reach of all. It should be our mission to induce purchasers from other states, and this we can do by a united effort. Why do the hardy and industrious camp in the shadow of the Rocky Mountains or out on the arid plains to encounter privations and vicissitudes to which we are strangers? The answer is: These people are engaged in securing homes; they are building up new communities pass by an Eden to occupy a desert. We can in no way do a better work than by endeavoring to promote the settlement of our cheap lands, and I venture the opinion the party now in power in this state will be overthrown because it has failed to appreciate the importance of adding to our possibilities.

Practical politics. I am conceiving of no reason why the theories of speculative philosophers should determine the complexion of your ballot or mine. We might with propriety, perhaps profit, look at our politics from a business standpoint. I have the honor to appeal for your suffrages for the high office of Governor, indorsed by two Conventions representing intelligence and patriotism—representing citizens equally as devoted to the interests of our State as any other class of citizens within its borders. The issue, I believe, in which every class of our people ought to be intensely interested of paramount importance, is the development of resources. A spirit of fraternalization, a generous assurance of welcome to the stranger, liberal laws not conceived in the interest of class and executed with fairness and impartiality, progression instead of retrogression, a cordial, consistent effort to lead to better results in the future, can effect desired changes and impart to Missouri an energy and prosperity commensurate with her natural advantages. We have not prospered as we might, as we should, with our advantages. A people brave and generous to a fault, by no means indifferent to the good opinion of neighbors, occupying a favored position geographically, we have not made as rapid strides in material prosperity as the state of Iowa. We find in the United States Census Reports statements pregnant with facts, illustrative of our decadence rather than progress, from which may be gleaned these facts and figures:

SOME FIGURES.

Missouri—number of acres	43,900,400
Iowa—do	32,500,000
Excess in favor of Missouri	11,400,400
Land in farms—	
Missouri in 1880	29,879,375
Iowa in 1880	26,733,500
Per cent increase in total acreage from 1870 to 1880	
Missouri	28.4
Iowa	29.3
Per cent of increase in number of farms from 1870 to 1880—	
Missouri	45.3
Iowa	39.4
Improved woodland and forests in 1880 in—	
Missouri	16,745,000
Iowa	12,076,540
Missouri	11,131,240
Iowa	8,860,150
Permanent meadows, pastures, orchards and vineyards—	
Missouri	3,540,375
Iowa	2,156,625
Missouri	807,625
Iowa	375,000
Excess in favor of Iowa	18,768,900
Value of farming implements and machinery in—	
Missouri	\$2,300,000
Iowa	\$2,100,000
Missouri	\$200,000
Iowa	\$100,000
Excess in favor of Iowa	\$1,000,000
Value of live stock on farms, June 1, 1880 in—	
Missouri	\$14,765,103
Iowa	\$9,750,282
Missouri	\$5,014,821
Iowa	\$2,929,821
Value of farm products sold, consumed and on hand in—	
Missouri	\$16,108,473
Iowa	\$9,913,600
Missouri	\$6,194,873
Iowa	\$4,100,833
Population in Missouri in 1880	2,165,380
Iowa in 1880	1,624,615
Missouri	540,765
Iowa	539,563
Excess in favor of Missouri	1,000
Miles of railroad in operation in 1880 in—	
Missouri	4,947.45
Iowa	3,677.74
Missouri	1,269.71
Iowa	1,181.81
Excess in favor of Missouri	1,267.90
Manufacturing establishments in Missouri in 1870	1,200
Iowa in 1870	500
Missouri	700
Iowa	200
Excess in favor of Missouri	500
Missouri—capital in manufactures in 1880	\$6,257,244
Iowa—do	\$2,807,484
Missouri	\$3,449,760
Iowa	\$2,395,366
Missouri	\$1,053,394
Iowa	\$620,118
Excess in favor of Missouri	\$5,053,394
Missouri—value of manufactures in 1880	\$11,427,693
Iowa—do	\$6,257,244
Missouri	\$5,170,449
Iowa	\$2,807,484
Excess in favor of Missouri	\$2,362,965

A DOCTOR'S RESE.

Dr. Paul Ventnor sat alone in his office, his hands crossed on his knees, his eyes fixed upon vacancy, the light from the side jet falling upon his worn anxious face.

The room was barely comfortable, the floor was covered with matting. The wall paper was shabby but was cheerfully relieved by a few cheap, yet brightly colored chromos, and the heavily-gilt frame which enclosed his diploma. A desk, somewhat littered, a book case but partially filled, an old fashioned sofa and a few stuffed, stuff backed chairs were all the furniture visible. We say visible because, within a small curtained alcove were a low, narrow bedstead and a dingy toilet stand in keeping with the cracked washbowl and pitcher which surmounted it, and with the rickety towel rack which stood beside it.

The doctor was quite a young man prepossessing in appearance and positive in manner—his grave, thoughtful face indicating character and a fair degree of reserved strength. His clothes had a sordid look, they were entire but much worn, frayed around the button holes, the faded binding rendered less noticeable by the application of ink.

In fact the doctor was very poor, and the outlook for the future was in no wise encouraging. He had been located in that part of the city for more than three months, and yet had not received a single professional call. He had spent his means and had been compelled to pawn his surgical instruments and a few of his books; he was in arrears for boarding while the land lord had given him notice to vacate the room.

The doctor was not to blame for his straitened circumstances. He had practiced rigid economy; he had nailed up his sign and distributed his circulars; he was at least theoretically well up in his profession; his address was in his favor; he had patiently waited. There was not much sickness in the neighborhood, and what little patronage there was went into the hands of the older practitioners.

No wonder that the young doctor's attitude was a forlorn one, and the expression on his face almost devoid of hope.

Suddenly his countenance brightened. Some one had pulled the bell. Who else if not a patient? He opened the door and a lady entered. She was closely veiled, and yet he knew that she was young because of her elasticity in her movements.

"You are Dr. Ventnor?" she asked her voice sweet and distinct, though slightly tremulous.

"At your service, madam," he answered with a polite bow. "Pray be seated."

She took the chair which he placed for her and removed her veil and as she did so, he noticed that her hand was small, white, shapely and jeweled.

Her face was exceedingly fair, though it wore a troubled look. Her eyes were black and lustrous. They made a rapid survey of the room, and then rested upon the doctor's face in such a steady, calculating estimating way that he felt his blood filling his cheeks.

"I wish you would call upon my father," she said.

"To-night?" asked the doctor.

"Well, no," she debatingly answered. "To-morrow will do. I tell you beforehand, it's an odd case and a bad one. If you succeed in removing it, you have only to name your fee."

"What is his malady?" asked the doctor.

"He's a hypochondriac," she slowly half unwillingly admitted, the color coming and going in her face. He has a strange hallucination, and if he is not lifted out of it it will end in his death."

The doctor was becoming fascinated with the sweet voice, the graceful gestures and the black eyes, which grew more lustrous because anxiety had filled them with tears. He drew his chair nearer to her own.

"You have consulted other physicians?" he asked.

"Quite a number," she replied a little hurriedly. "Some of the best in the city."

"Without success?"

"O, of course," and she spoke with impatience. "They had no—no—no—intuitions. They argued and—hotheaded."

"There was something charming in those pauses and in the choice of words."

"You think they should have humored him?" the doctor asked.

"Yes," she said, her face brightening wondrously. "You have caught the idea. Oh, sir, I believe you can cure him."

"In her unconscious eagerness, she laid her hand on his arm, and the touch thrilled him.

"Why did you come to me?" he asked. "I am young—inexperienced—unknown."

"Why?" she inquired, with a searching look. "I do not know. Why do we do queer things?" and she smiled a little oddly. "They come to us like a revelation."

It was an ambiguous explanation and yet he understood her.

"Perhaps the other physicians were too old and knew too much," she added, the odd smile again stirring her lips.

MISSOURI USEFULNESS.

Value of manufactures produced in Missouri in 1880

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SOMETHING TO THINK OVER.

These figures are somewhat startling, and no less instructive, to any person interested in industrial progress. We find that Iowa, a younger State, with a less generous soil, has an excess of wealth in farms, fences and buildings, amounting to \$191,736,920. Iowa has more miles of railroad, manufacturing establishments have increased, her capital in manufactures has increased, and while with us establishments, and capital invested in them, have decreased. The picture is not an inviting one, and by no means flattering, yet, if true, the people ought to examine it carefully, and prepare to remove every defect.

Should I be chosen to administer the public affairs, I promise to do so to the best of my ability, and will endeavor to serve our state earnestly and faithfully. [Applause.]

Hon. Nicholas Ford has always managed to get there in good shape. His first race for congress was made in the old Ninth district, where the bourbon majority was about 3,000; he was successful, winning by over 1,200 majority. His second race for congress was in the same district against Gen. Craig, whom he defeated. He could not have had the nomination for congress again this year in his old district, but a voice rose from the center to the circumference of the state imploring him to rescue Missouri from the clutches of bourbonism. He has responded to the call. The same destiny which directed him to victory in the past, let us hope, will not desert him now. The state needs a chief executive of the education, wisdom and sagacity which Mr. Ford possesses. Let the people do their duty.—*Hamilltonian*.

Humbert is about the only king in Europe who is earning his salary.

The signal officer of Pike's Peak has burned eight cords of wood this summer.

Alvan Clark, most noted of telescope makers, has completed his eightieth year.

Mr. Moody, with his by no means silent partner, Sanky, is at work at Portland, Maine.

"Extra-Billy" Smith, once Governor of Virginia, has just celebrated his eighty-seventh birthday.

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Stooping over to pick up a fair lady's handkerchief loses its joy when it sacrifices a suspender button.

No wonder Bismarck wants to keep the American hog. He never could stand a rival.

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Talk about a man turning a woman's head! It is passing another woman with a new bonnet that does it.

The most noted men who have made the wealth they possess were backsliders. Well there's a cause for every effect.

When a maiden becomes a fisher of men she should use genuine bait. Men are shy of a hook that is "too fly" as the English say.

While it is better to born lucky than rich, it is better to marry a poor girl with a sweet temper than a rich girl with a red-headed one.

"Sixteen feet make a rod," say the old arithmetics. But then the Chicago girl did not figure so largely in literature then as she does now.

At marriage the bride always meets her betrothal at the altar with gloves on, but after marriage she generally handles her husband without the gloves.

"I lost my dog," said Mrs. Rarity. "Why don't your husband look for him?" "Who Jim? Why don't you know Jim's on the detective force. He can't find anything."

"Ah Mr. Hebbleton, I hear that you have been called to the ministry."

"Well, I can hardly term it a call. They only offer me five hundred a year. Sort of a whisper you understand."

Husband—"The Browns are still living in New York. Very nice people and we are under obligation to them. Wife—"I'd ask them out here to spend the summer with us if I was certain they couldn't come."

Parent—"You have been in the water! You were fishing! Son—"Yes ma'am, I was in the water; but I got a boy out who might have been drowned. Parent—"Indeed, who was it?" Son—"Myself."

A man whose knowledge is based on actual experience says that when calling on their sweethearts young men should carry affection in their hearts, perfection in their manners and confection in their pockets.

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